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ROMES WICKEDNES.

OR,

Wicked ROME, with her Seven deadly Sins,

Of { *Lying,* *Whoring,* *Swearing,* *Blaſpheming,* } { *Pride,* *Drunkenneſſe,* *Covetouſneſſe.* }

Now raging and raigning amongſt them, layd open to the view of the World.

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To the Reader.

COurteous Reader, (for ſo I will ſtile thee, till I find thee contrary.) The intolerable Abuſes of Pole-ſborne Popelings, have in all Ages heretofore, and are ſtill ſo great, that many have been animated (I had almoſt ſaid inforced) therby to ſhew themſelves in Print, who otherwiſe never meant it, if they had not been inſtigated thereto by their abhominable Lying, Whoring, Swearing, Blaſpheming, Pride, Drunkenneſſe, Covetouſneſſe, and the like.

To the Reader.

I my ſelfe am one of this number; I have here publiſhed a Booke, the firſt which ever I yet ſet forth, and ſhall be the laſt, unleſſe this find kind entertainment. If then (Gentle Reader) thou accepteſt willingly and lovingly, what thou findeſt layd down plainly and rudely, the Author will acknowledge himſelfe bound to pleaſure thee in what he is able; if otherwiſe thou play the Criticke, carping at every thing, and conſtruing that ill, which was intended well, doe as thou pleaſeſt, uſe mee as thou wilt, I am

Thine as thou uſeſt mee,

ANONYMVS.

THE ABVSES OF THE ROMISH CHVRCH ANATOMIZED.

CHAP. I.

Of their Lying.

Vgustus Emperor of *Rome* in the triumph which he made of *Marke Antony* and *Cleopatra*, bringing with him to *Rome* a Priest of Egypt, aged threescore years, who in all the dayes of his life never told any lye: In regard whereof the Senate presently ordained that hee should be made free, and created *Pontifex Maximus*: also that a Statue should be erected for him, and placed amongst those of

of the moſt renowned men of all the Ancients. In the dayes of *Claudius*, Emperour likewiſe of Rome, there died a man in Rome named *Pamphylus*, who never told any matter of truth in all his life time, but evermore had his chiefe delight in lying, which cauſed the Emperour to give command, that no grave ſhould be granted to his body, but his goods were confiſcated, his houſe ruined, and his wife and children baniſhed out of Rome, to the end that no memory might remaine of ſo venimous a beaſt.

If the ſame order were among the Papall Frye ſtill in force, wee might hope, that either we ſhould have more Truth-tellers, or fewer Lyers: But that cuſtome is now aboliſhed, and this vice of Lying raignes more among theſe Maſſe-monging Prieſts, than any people under heaven: Witneſſe thoſe many lyes which they tell of their Saints; as for example: Saint *Denis* the *Areopagite*, (ſay they) tooke up his head after it was ſtricken off, and carried it in his hand two miles. They ſay further, that S^t. *Bernac* turned Oake leaves into Loaves, Stones into Fiſhes, Water into Wine; and that hee ſayled over the ſea upon a ſtone, as a hundred and fifty of *Ioſeph* of *Arimathea's* com-

company did upon his ſonnes ſhirt, and Fryer *Hervens* upon his Mantle. They goe on, and tell you, that Saint *Nicholas* whilſt hee lay in his cradle, faſted Wedneſdayes, and Fridayes, on which dayes hee would never ſucke above once. They report moreover, that Biſhop *Tryan* having killed his Cow and his Calfe to entertaine Saint *Patricke* and his company, found both of them the next morning feeding in the Meadow. They further tell of Saint *Dominicks* Books, how they fell into a River, lay there three dayes, and ſo many nights, but were found afterward by a Fiſherman, and taken up as dry as a feather. They ſay farther, that Saint *Romuala* delivered high points of Divinity as ſoone as hee was borne, and preſently after that hee was baptized, made a learned Sermon. They deliver alſe, that Saint *Margaret* being ſwallowed by a Dragon, had no ſooner made the ſigne of the Croſſe, but the Dragon burſt aſunder, and out ſhee came as ſound as a Trout. They ſay alſo, that a man who never ſaw further than the length of his noſe, opening *Xaviers* Tombe, and rubbing his eyes with his hand, ſtraightway recovered his ſight. Yea, they are not aſhamed to affirm, that *Ignatius Loyola* was rapt up

up into heaven, and ſaw the holy Trinity in three Perſons, and one Eſſence, and that God ſhewed him the paterne of the world which he layd before him when he made it. They report alſo, that Frier *Bennet* of *Arezze* being caſt into the Sea in a Tempeſt, was invironed with a little cloud, and carried to the terreſtriall Paradiſe, whom when *Enoch* and *Elijah* ſaw, they demanded of him what hee was? And when they heard he was Saint *Francis* his brother, they danced for joy, and led him about to ſhew him every corner of Paradiſe; from whence hee was carried backe againe over the Sea in a little Cloud, which marveilouſly aſtoniſhed thoſe that beheld it. They goe on ſtill, and would make you believe that one time, whilſt Saint *Dunſtane* was at his devotion, the Devill looked in at the window, in the ſhape of a beautifull Damſell, thinking to allure him to luſt: but he hating ſuch abhominable filthineſſe, tooke the ſaid Devill by the noſe with a paire of hot tongs. Neither doe they here ceaſe, but tell wonders ſurpaſſing credit, of Saint *Thomas Becket*: For they averre, That when *Ailwardus* for ſtealing of a great Whetſtone, (which the Authour that writes it beſt deſerve!)

ſerved) was by ſentence of Law deprived of his eyes, and virilities, upon prayer to Saint *Thomas*, hee had all reſtored againe: Yea, even a bird having beene taught to ſpeake, flying out of her Cage, and now ready to be feazed on by a Sparrow-Hawke, ſayd onely, Saint *Thomas* helpe mee, and her enemy fell preſently dead, but ſhe eſcaped, and (belike) reported it: Yea, in his life time the Virgin *Mary* her ſelfe was contented to be his Sempſter, and ſowed his ſhirt with red ſilke.

But theſe forgeries be onely fit for Monks to indite, Children to reade, and Fooles to believe; invented at the firſt to deceive poore ignorant people, who cannot perceive this their abhominable Lying, being nuzled and foſtered all their life long in Ignorance, by a command from his Holineſſe, leſt they ſhould deſcry their intollerable wickedneſſe. And therefore I will not dwell any longer upon this point, but conclude it with a proofe of their Lying: for in the raigne of King *Richard* the ſecond, King of England, their Lying was growne to ſuch a paſſe, that it was held as good an Argument to reaſon thus, *Hic eſt Frater*; *Ergo Menaax*, hee is a Fryer, and

and therefore a Lyer; as to ſay, *Hoc eſt Album, Ergo coloratum.* This thing is white, and therefore coloured.

Chap. II.

Their Gluttony and Drunkenneſſe.

Hitherto we have ſeene them Lying; now let us ſee them walking like the tops of trees, toſſed too and fro with the wind. Let us alſo view their Gurmandizing and Gluttony. That theſe vices are not wanting in them, is evidently proved by theſe verſes following:

If that I muſt in order tell
What vertues' long to Monkiſh Cell,
Hee is not fit for Cell or Coven
That's not a Glutton and a Sloven,
Sluggiſh, Lecherous, for nought fit,
A drunkard, dolt, devoid of wit,
Hee muſt eate at each Repaſt,

Vntill

Vntill his belly well nigh braſt:
He muſt guzzell in the Wine
Till he be drunken as a Swine.
And if he can but chant it well,
This man is fit for Quier or Cell.

But becauſe I will not be too tedious in ſo plaine a caſe as this is, I will conclude this point alſo with that Epigram which was made upon Saint *Anthony*, the Saint for Swine:

Once fedd'ſt thou Anthony *an heard of Swine,*
And now an heard of Monkes thou feedeſt ſtill,
For wit and gut alike they both have been,
Both do love filth alike: both like to fill
The greedy panch alike: nor is that kind
More beaſtly ſottiſh, ſwiniſh than the laſt:
All elſe agree, one fault I onely find
Thou feedeſt not thy Monks with Oken Maſt.

Take his teſtimony likewiſe, who ſaith of their Monkes:

Maſſe being done, to Cloyſter he retires,
Where all the reſt for dinner doe attend;
Great worke is made to fill the hungry Friers:
They every man to ſeverall office ſend.

Some

Some in the Kitchin turning ſpits are ſet,
Well garniſhed with ſtore of dainty fare,
Some from the Butler doe the Napry get:
Each to diſcharge his duty hath a care.
Meane while the gurmonds ſtand with greedy (eyes,
Ready to eate up very boards and all.
In expectation till their Prior riſe,
And from his cabin ſhewes himſelfe i'th hall.
At laſt he comes, Lord of that rabling rout,
Attended on with ſtore of company,
A foule fat monſtrous Lubber, full o'th gout,
Whoſe length and breadth of one dimenſion be:
His backe and belly both of equall roundneſſe;
He tumbleth forward like an empty Tunne,
Whoſe vaſt concavity doth ſound profoundneſs,
Not to be fill'd before the evening Sunne.
Him all admire, and ſtand about his ſeate,
He charges them to peace when ſalne at ſtrife,
If any prove offending he doth threat
Perpetuall priſon ſhall conſume their life.
Remember (ſayes he) wonted miſery
In former time, your hunger thirſt, and cold,
And how ye now ſwim in felicity,
In eaſe and pleaſure, health, wealth full of gold.
This is the way to heaven which we now leade:
Go too, then all, and thanke the God above,
Who makes you now upon theſe meats to feed.
Then to their roomes all inſtantly remove,

Each

Each one makes haſt that he may firſt ſit down,
And who ſhall have his hand firſt in the diſh,
Belching like baſeſt Hinde and rudeſt clowne,
Throughout the houſe, & ſtil for more they wiſh
Some pick the bones, ſome lick the fallen crums,
Some ſit carouſing in the German ſort.
When all is done, and no more victuall comes,
This graceleſſe band i'th fields themſelves diſ-
(*port.*

Thus much for their Gluttony and Drunkenneſſe.

Chap. III.

Their Lechery.

After Gluttony and Drunkenneſſe, follow neceſſarily Lechery and wantonneſſe: and therfore ſeeing we have proved them immeaſureable Drunkards, we may alſo conclude, that they are in tolerable licenticus, and extremely addicted to the luſt of the fleſh. And that they are in this vice nothing inferiour

riour, or leſſe expert, than in their Lying, or Drunkenneſſe, the many bones of children found about Monaſteries, may be a ſufficent witneſſe: yet that wee may not be deficient in examples, take theſe as witneſſes of their Fornicating: An Abbateſſe in *Lombardy* riſing haſtily from a Prieſt, (with whom ſhee had layne that night) to take a Nun with her Paramour, put on the Prieſts Breeches, inſtead of her Vaile upon her head, which the poore Nun perceiving, deſired her firſt to tye the ſtrings of her coyſe, and then to ſpeake. The Abbateſſe perceiving her errour, changed the coppy of her countenance, and departed.

Heare *Stigelius in Sylva.*

A Monke there was who in a night did beare
By Moon-ſhine light a Leman to his bed
Vnder his gowne, and no ſuſpect did feare,
He thought ſhe was ſo cloſely covered.
By chance a Frier meetes him on the way,
Whoſe jealous eyes diſcryes the wenches feet,
He to the Monke in merrineſſe did ſay,
What load is that which makes you ſo to ſweat?
He anſwers: 'tis a ſaddle I did borrow
From one of my acquaintance dwels hard by,

The

For I muſt ride a little way too morrow,
Of ſome reports the certainty to try.
The Frier hearing what a fine excuſe
The youth had forged, ſtraight replies againe,
A little of my counſell, prethee uſe
Before thou go'ſt, it ſhall not be in vaine:
Let no man ſee what cariage you have there,
Nor know what furniture you doe provide,
Leſt ſome of your companions doe prepare
Themſelves with you upon your Mare to ride.

Take another example or two.

A certaine Franciſcan in a Towne of Perigrod, at the mariage of his Hoſtes daughter, cauſed meat to be ſerved into his chamber, for himſelfe and his fellow Fryer, making ſcruple to ſit at the Table with the reſt of the Gueſts, yet made no conſcience after Supper to goe to bed with the Bride in humility, taking the ſame paines with her in charity, which he knew the Bridegroom meant to take: Yea, even their holy Saints, whom ſo religiouſly they adore, are not free from this vice, which we may prove by the Tale of that Nunne, who having a ſore thigh, beſought Saint *Dominicke*, that ſhee might be reſtored to her limbs againe; Fal-

ling aſleepe, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw Saint *Dominick* cloſe by her, taking from under his Cope a ſtrong ſmelling Oyntment, wherewith he annointed her thigh. And when ſhe asked him what it was, he told her, that it was called, *The Oyntment of Love:* which we may underſtand to be the private familiarity which was betwixt them. In the time of Pope *Paulus* the third, the number of Whores which were in his Regiſter, amounted to forty and five thouſand: and yet this was but a ſmall number, compared with that which was before this Popes time. His Holineſſe himſelfe is many times given to this vice, as we may perceive by the Epitaph of Pope *Alexander* the ſixt his daughter, which runs after this manner.

Conditur hoc tumulo, Lucretia *nomine, ſed re,*
Thais: Alexandri *filia, ſponſa, nurus.*

Engliſhed thus.

Here lies Lucrece *in name,* Thais *in life,*
The Popes child & ſpouſe, and yet his own ſons wife.

If then the Popes be thus, how can wee expect that his Cardinals ſhould be better? Surely they are as ill as their maſter: witnes

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the Popes holy Cardinall, *Iohannes Cremenſis*, who being ſent by *Honorius* the ſecond hither into England, in the dayes of King *Henry* the firſt, to redreſſe the ſin-ſeeming abuſe of the Clergie, in retaining and uſing according to Gods own Ordinance, the ſocietie of their wives; upon the Birth-day of the bleſſed Virgin, made a ſolemn Oration in praiſe of virginity & Chaſtity, with a terrible Invective againſt married Prieſts; and to amplifie their ſinne the more, hee ſhewed what extreme impiety it was, to riſe from the bed of unlawfull luſt (for ſo was their chaſte marriage termed) and with polluted hands to touch the Sacrament of the Body of Chriſt, but the ſame night following, hee having that very day conſecrated that holy Sacrament, was himſelfe taken with a Whore. If the Popes Holineſſe, and his reverend Cardinals be thus wicked, we cannot expect that the Minorites, or petty five farthing Friers ſhould be any whit the better? If the root be unſound, how can the branches flouriſh? Aſſuredly they follow the ſteps of their Superiours, as in all other vices, ſo in this of Lechery more eſpecially, witneſſe him who ſaith:

A Countrey wench confeſſing of her ſins,
In time of Lent unto a Cordelier,
And from a long concealed thought begins,
To ſpeak but hardly could ſhe ſpeak for feare:
He ſtill exhorted her for to diſcover
The ſecret ſecrecie of all her thought,
Affirming plainly, if ſhee ſtrove to ſmother
The leaſt offence, it would to light be brought.
The wench amaz'd, at laſt begins to ſay,
Laſt night good Sir, at mid-night I eſpy'd
One of your Brothers as aſleepe he lay,
A bed ſtretcht cloſe downe by my Miſtris ſide
The Frier mad to heare her ſpeake ſo plaine,
Sayes, filthy hypocrite, dar'ſt thou this ſay,
Thy Miſtris reputation thus to ſtaine?
It was S. Francis *t'whom ſhe then did pray,*
He that makes all our ſuits in heaven go right,
Of whom we have our Order and our Name,
Who heares our cries by day, & ſighs by night,
T'was he that in my Brothers habit came.
The wench repli'd, then be what Saint he will,
He left his hoſe behind him in the place:
If Saints of heaven weare clothes, I have no skill,
I'm but an ignorant in ſuch a caſe.
Take heed (the Frier ſayes) thou do not touch
Thoſe holy things, which Reliques we do call,
And doe pertaine but onely unto ſuch
As are confirmed in the Orders all.

To morrow to the Church they ſhall be caried,
As ſacred Reliques ſtill to be adored,
By all ſuch fruitleſſe women as be maried,
And have no Iſſue, then they ſhall be ſtored.

Take his teſtimonie alſo, who ſaith of them:

You Iacobines, Carmelites, Cordeliers,
You Auguſtines, & all you fornicating Friers,
How came you by the ghoſtly Fathers names?
For under the Crucifix and high Altars,
You were wont to get us Sons and Daughters,
In kind acquaintance with our ghoſtly Dames.

But leaſt they ſhould ſay, that theſe teſtimonies have beene deviſed by men of our Profeſſion, to diſgrace them and theirs, let us heare what *Mantuan*, one of their owne Sect ſaith of them:

I pudor in villas ſi non patiuntur eaſdem,
Et villa vomicas, Roma eſt jam tota Lupaner.

And another of their owne Profeſſion witneſſeth, that the firſt prey which Soulders ſought for, when they entred any Towne, was Prieſts Lemmans: But this

their Lechery was dearely bought, and well paid for; when *Monſieur de Avanchi* a French-man, admitted two Franciſcans into his Caſtle, made them good chear; and to make an end of their kind entertainment, hee told them hee would pleaſure either of them with his pretty wench. They refuſing his kind offer at the firſt, he requeſted them to make bold with him, telling them withall, that hee well conſidered they were but fleſh and blood as other men were. In the end he locked them all into a chamber, together, and returning thither about an houre after, hee asked them how they had done; and underſtanding that they had not been idle: O wicked hypocrites, ſaid hee, is this the way to overcome temptation? and having ſo ſaid, he ſtripped them as naked as my nayle, and having whipped them as long as himſelfe and men could lay on load, hee ſent them away all naked as they were, to teach them to fight another time more valiantly againſt ſuch temptations, or not to give them the encounter. One of Marquiſſe *Berengers* Chaplaines, alſo in *Italie* paid deare for his pleaſure, when being taken and ſtripped naked for playing naught with his Miſtris, hee loſt that

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part wherwith he offended: Let this ſuffiſe to have ſpoken of their lewd, and licentious living.

CHAP. IV.

Their Covetouſneſſe.

BVt are they cleere or free from Covetouſneſſe? Nothing leſſe. Witneſſe their wandring from place to place, and craving the benevolence of thoſe people, whom they far exceed in wealth: manifeſted by their owne writers.

Prieſts, Churches, Altars, Holy things,
Prayers, Frankincenſe, and Crowns of Kings:
Yea Heaven and God himſelfe for gold,
At Rome is to be bought and ſold.

And that of Pope *Alexander* the ſixt.

Chriſt, Altars, Keyes, doth Alexander *ſell,*
Why ſhould he not? for why, they coſt him well.

When King *Henry* the firſt his Embaſſadour, told the Pope, that his Maſter would not loſe his right in the Inveſtitures of the Church, for the loſſe of his Kingdome. The Pope anſwered, I will not ſuffer him to injoy them without puniſhment, no not for the ſaving of my head. This made one brand them with this marke, that the clemencie of the Papall See is never wanting to any, ſo long as the Red and the White make interceſſion for them.

Their Avarice may alſo be ſeene in their Indulgences, Pardons, Maggot-eaten Reliques, Paxes, Crucifixes, Trentals, Dirges, Pictures of Saints, Bulls, hallowed Beades, Holy Water, Exorciſmes, and a thouſand ſuch fables and bables, which were too long and too wearifom a task to relate all, which are invented for no other end and purpoſe, but by drawing money from the poore Ignorants, to fill and ſtuff the Popes Coffers. We may alſo call to witnes their Covetouſneſſe, that beſt Fire in the Popes Kitchin, *Purgatorie*, which was found out for nothing elſe, but that poore people (not knowing any thing to the contrary) might give Lands and Livings to theſe Maſſe-monging Prieſts, to the end that they by ſaying ſo many

many Maſſes, Dirgies, *Ave Maries*, and the like for their ſoules, might rid them out of that (as they thinke) fearfull place.

Chap. V.

Their Blaſphemie.

HEre my haire ſtartles, and my Pen is even ready to fall out of my hand, conſidering the many execrable and abominable blaſphemies which their harts haue conceived, their mouthes uttered, yea, and their hands committed to writing: to ſuch a height are they growne of impietie, abuſing and wreſting Scriptures (like a noſe of wax) to their own ends, and applying thoſe things to themſelves, which were meant of Chriſt. *Alexander* the third having commanded the Emperour *Fredericke* to proſtrate himſelfe, and aske him pardon for his offences, the Emperour kneeled: This gentle Pope, ſetting his foot upon his throat, or (as ſome ſay) upon his necke, moſt blaſphemouſly

mouſly applyed thoſe words to himſelfe, which were underſtood of Chriſt, *It is written, Thou ſhalt walke upon the Aſpe and the Baſiliske, the yong Lyon and the Dragon ſhalt thou tread under thy feet.* The Emperour highly offended for this contempt, anſwered, I do not this to thee, but to Saint *Peter*. The Pope treading upon him the ſecond time, ſaid, *Et mihi, & Petro*, Both to mee and to Saint *Peter*. Pope *Leo* the tenth hearing one of his Cardinals preach, who chuſed his Text out of the New Teſtament, burſt forth into theſe execrable blaſphemous words, O what great Riches have wee got by this Fable of Chriſt? Pope *Iulius* the third, loving a Peacocke very well, and miſſing it one time from his Table, aſked where it was? Anſwer was made, That his Phyſicians had given charge hee ſhould eate none, becauſe it was prejudiciall to his health. Hee being moſt blaſphemouſly bent, preſently replies, Fetch mee my Peacocke, *Ce diſpetto de Dio*. When his Cardinals and other followers beſought him not to be ſo angry, hee ſtill perſevers in his impietie, and anſwers them, If God were ſo angry for an Apple, as that he caſt our firſt Parents out of Paradiſe,

radiſe, why may not I who am his Vicar be thus angry for a Peacock, which is a greater matter than an Apple.

A Prieſt of Lorraine holding a Pix or box full of unconſecrated ſinging Cakes, (as they tearme them) ſhuffled them together, ſaying, Yee little Whoreſons, yee little Whoreſons, which of you will be God to day? One praying to our Lady holding the yong Babe in her armes (whom ſo religiouſly they adore and worſhip) and having received ſuch an anſwer as pleaſed him not, by one that ſtood behind the Image, and judging by the voyce that it was the Child that ſpake, ſaid, Hold your peace, and let your mother ſpeake, who is wiſer than you. Yea, they are not content thus blaſphemouſly to abuſe God and his divine Word, but they muſt boaſt alſo of this their Wickedneſſe.

And are not (I pray you) their prayings to Saints, yea worſe than that to ſtocks and ſtones, ſo many blaſphemies againſt Gods ſacred Majeſty? Is it not a moſt execrable blaſphemie, to make our Lady equall, yea, above our Saviour? making him but a halfe, yea, no Saviour at all. As may appeare by theſe verſes following:

Mary

Mary mother of Heavens grace,
Mother where Mercie hath chiefe place:
From cruell Foe our Soules defend,
And them receive when Life ſhall end.

As alſo ſpeaking of the Croſſe in this manner:

All haile, O Croſſe, our onely hope,
In this time of the Paſſion:
Increaſe thou Iuſtice to the Godly,
And give to Sinners pardon.

If this be not Blaſphemie in the higheſt degree, I would gladly know what it is? But let them take heed and conſider with whom they have to doe, when thus they mocke GOD, even with him whoſe eies cannot behold Iniquitie, but will repay the committers thereof. This ſin of Blaſphemie hath hee in all ages puniſhed in the higheſt degree. Witneſſe *Lucius*, a notorious blaſphemer of Chriſts Divinitie, who was devoured with Dogs. *Arrius* had ſuch a looſeneſſe of belly, that hee voided his Intrailes. *Lewis* the eleventh, King of *France*, beholding certaine

taine Tennis-players, with his Wife, amongſt other talke, ſaid, Hee hoped to doe nothing hereafter which ſhould offend GOD: which words were no ſooner out of his mouth, but hee fell downe ſpeechleſſe, and languiſhing a few houres, died in the ſame place.

Sophocles writeth, That before *Aiax* went to the Siege of *Troy*, his Father counſelled him to fight valiantly, but withall, to pray to GOD for victorie, whereto *Aiax* anſwered: *Adjutore Deo, vel ignavus vincere poteſt, Ego ſine Deo.* And therefore God ſmote him with a Frenzie, ſo that hee went about the field, ſlaying the ſilly Sheepe and Cattell, ſuppoſing that they had beene his Enemies; and when this was done, hee kills himſelfe on the point of his owne Sword.

One in an Inne laughing at thoſe which ſpoke of Chriſt, offered to ſell his ſoule for a cup of Wine: one having bought it of him, the Devill being among them like a Swaggerer, bought it at the ſecond hand, and then making challenge of his bargaine, hurried him away with him in the ayre, after which time he was never ſeene.

Certaine Gameſters at Mantua breaking forth

foorth into blaſphemy againſt our bleſſed Saviour, their eyes fell on the Table. And a Child at Rome not above five yeares of age, blaſpheming the name of God, was carried away by the Devill, from betweene his Parents armes. And a Marriner at Ragouſe, moſt fearefully tearing and rending GOD aſunder with his bloody Oathes, fell into the Sea, and was not ſeene, till certaine dayes after, that hee was found on the Shore, where his Body was taken up intire and whole, the Tongue onely excepted.

And that I may not bee too tedious in a point ſo evident, wee may ſee it in the two Popes afore-mentioned, *Leo* the tenth, and *Iulius* the third; the firſt of which being over-joyed for a Victory received againſt the French, revelled three dayes, and ſo many nights together, and then dyed with Drunkenneſſe: The latter of them came moſt miſerably to a ſhamefull end.

Seeing then this ſinne never eſcapes unpuniſhed, what hope can thoſe Blaſphemers have? Or doe they thinke God is not ſo juſt, or more mercifull then heretofore hee hath beene? Doe they thinke hee

ſleepes,

ſleepes, or winkes, and will not ſee their Impietie? It is Blaſphemy to think either. Let them therefore either amend, or elſe looke for the like, or more fearefull judgements. But I have beene (I feare) too long in this point, and therefore I will conclude, and pray to God for their amendment.

Chap. VI.

Their Pride.

THat the Pride of theſe Pedlers of Reliques is no leſſe than their fore-named Vices, may ſufficiently appear, if we conſider the many Titles, which that great Vicar (as he ſtiles himſelfe) of Chriſt arrogates to himſelfe, ſetting himſelf above Kings and Emperours, making them to hold his Stirrop; yea, even to put their necks as a Fooſtoole for him to tread upon, putting on Crowns with his foot, and caſting them downe with it againe as ſoone as put on, and making Kings, with their wives and their

their children, to ſtand three daies together at his gate, barefoot and barelegged, and there to wait till his Holineſſe be pleaſed to give them abſolution.

Their Triple-Crowne alſo is no leſſe an Argument of their pride, as is alſo their challenging to themſelves both Eccleſiaſticall and Temporall Authoritie: Even *Lucifer* himſelfe is not more proud than is his Holineſſe, who holds out his foot to be kiſſed by the greateſt Monarchs: One time as hee was ſtretching it out to be kiſſed by an Emperour, a Spaniell got hold of it, and bit it: And therefore his Holineſſe loſt the Reverence at that time, which ſhould have beene done unto him, becauſe the Emperour refuſed to kiſſe that place which a Dogge had bitten. But they will tell you perhaps, that this reverence is not done to them, but to the Croſſe which is ſet upon his Shooe: But this argues a great deale more pride, in that they dare put ſo ſacred a thing (as they hold the Croſſe to be) upon their ſhooe, which ſeemes to be but a contemptible, and vile place, and not rather in ſome more eminent part of the body, as head, breaſt, or the like.

Their

Their being carried on mens ſhoulders, as though the ground were not good enough for them to tread upon, is a moſt manifeſt argument, that this Vice doth raigne in them; and yet (forſooth) the whole World muſt be guided by them, and ſubmit themſelves to their commands: They muſt be ſupreme Biſhops, chiefe Lords, greateſt Comptrollers of States; and either all men muſt obey, and ſtoope at their becke, or elſe out comes a Bull preſently to excommunicate them, as lately it did againſt our late Queene *Elizabeth*, in which they pronounce her an Heretick, and an alien from the Common-wealth of Iſrael. Each five-farthing Shaveling muſt be reverenced and obſerved as if he were ſome great man. One of their profeſſion, a Cardinall, made a Feaſt to *Eleanor* of *Arragon*, wherein were ſo many ſeverall ſorts of meats, and dainty Diſhes, that it laſted for the ſpace of ſeven houres: and leſt his gueſts ſhould have beene wearied, hee cauſed ſundry Playes to be acted, whileſt they were at the Table: And to make his pride compleat, hee cauſed every Servitour at every new Courſe, to come in a new Suite.

Yet all this is nothing to the pride hee ſhewed to his Concubine *Tireſia*, for hee kept her publikely in ſuch ſumptuous manner, that her very ſhooes were ſet full of Pearles and precious Stones. Yet theſe men muſt be accounted the onely meeke, humble, gentle, and courteous men upon earth: but if theſe things I have reckoned up, favour any thing of humility, let any equall Arbitratour be Iudge: for mine owne part, I cannot ſee that any humble man will exalt himſelfe above his Superiours, as the Pope doth.

When *Auguſtine* the Monke was ſent into Britaine from Rome, to teach the Britaines Chriſtianitie, it is written, that the Britaines went firſt to a certaine holy and wiſe man (which liveth an Anchorites life) to aske his Counſell, Whether they ought at *Auſtens* Preaching and Exhortation, to leave their Traditions or not? The Anchorite replies, If hee be a man of GOD, follow him. But how ſhall we prove (ſay they) that he is a man of GOD? The Anchorite anſwered, If hee be milde and humble of heart, then hee is a man of GOD; If curſt and proud, hee is not of GOD,

GOD, neither muſt you much eſteeme his words. They inquire how they might know, whether he were proud or no? If (quoth he) when you come neere him, he ariſe courteouſly, and ſalute you, then think him to be a Servant of Chriſt, and ſo heare him, and obey him: If he deſpiſe you, and will not vouchſafe to riſe at your preſence, let him likewiſe be diſpiſed of you. They goe to him, where they find him ſet in his Chaire, but ſtirred not: which, when they ſaw, forthwith waxing wrath, they noted him of Pride; and therefore endeavoured to thwart and gainſay whatſoever hee propoſed: and ſo the preaching of the Goſpell was put off, till a man of better temper ſhould come.

Thus in part have we ſeene the pride and the arrogancie of theſe Shavelings, in ſome ſmall manner laid open to the world; but I may ſay as one ſaid in another caſe: Though I had a thouſand mouthes, and every mouth ſo many tongues; though I had a Stentorian voice, which would never faile, yet were I not able to reckon up the one halfe of their pride.

CHAP. VII.

Their wickedneſſe in generall.

LET us now ſpeake a little of their wickedneſſe in generall, and ſo an end: And firſt concerning their Demy-God, the Pope: When *Leo* the tenth was reproved by certaine of his Cardinals for his looſe and wicked life, he anſwered, If I be wicked, I may thanke you for it: for you made me ſuch a one as I am. They demanding of him what he meant thereby, he anſwers, Becauſe you made me Pope: for it is not poſſible to be both a Pope and an honeſt man.

When certaine asked *Paſquin*, what injury had beene done him, becauſe he looked not after his accuſtomed manner; hath any man called thee Thiefe, Murderer, Poyſoner,

oner, or the like? Hee anſwered, Oh no, but they have called me worſe. What? hath any man called thee Sacrilegious perſon, or Buggerer, Parricide, or Atheiſt? Oh no, (ſaith hee) but they have called me worſe. In the end, being often requeſted to utter his griefe, breathing out many ſighes, with, Alas, alas, hee ſaid, they had called him *POPE*.

Hildebrand poyſoned ſeven or eight Popes, that hee might come to the Popedome.

Pope *Ioan* was taken for Pope *John*, till ſhe was delivered of her great belly, ſince which time they have gotten a bottomleſſe Chaire, through which they were wont to ſearch the Popes humanitie. But now they have left that cuſtome, having given ſufficient teſtimony of their virility before they come to aſcend the Papall throne.

Pope *Boniface* (as I take it) the eighth, crept in like a Fox, reigned like a Wolfe, and died like a Dog.

Thus much for the Head: let us now deſcend a little lower, and ſearch if the members be any what better, and we ſhall find them ſympathize all with the Head: If the

Head be unſound, the whole body muſt needs be ill at eaſe. If the Popes Holineſſe be thus wicked, the people whom they hold to be altogether unholy, muſt needs be far worſe. They will ſweare, forſweare, curſe, blaſpheme, fornicate, kill, dare to doe any villany; and why? His Holineſſe doth it, and why not wee? That which is good for him, cannot be hurtfull to us: and therefore we will doe it: If need be, we can goe to him, and get a Pardon, and when we have done, ſin againe, and get a Pardon; and at our death give but ſo much to a devout Monke, to ſay ſo many Dirges, and chaunt ſo many Maſſes, and wee ſhall be in as happy an eſtate as the beſt.

Hence come thoſe many Powder plots, Poyſons, Poniards, Gunnes, Inquiſitions, Croyſadoes, Rackes, and a thouſand more ſuch devilliſh things, invented by the Pope and his Monkes, and put in practiſe by your Laity. But, Oh poore ſoules, why doe you ſuffer your ſelves to be thus ſeduced and miſ-led by the Devill in the likeneſſe and ſhape of a man? Looke but narrowly with the eye of diſcretion into his actions, and you

you ſhall ſee how you are deceived: weigh our two Religions in an equall ballance, and ſee if yours be not too light. Thinke upon that Epigram:

Eſſe Lutheranum rumor te Gaurice clamat,
Sed tum Antiſtes te tamen eſſe negat,
Tam ſcortaris (ait) quam ſi vel Epiſcopus eſſes,
Et potas dubium peruigit uſque diem.
Nec memor es Chriſti, niſi cum jurare libebit,
Nec ſis Scripturæ vel breve jota ſacræ.
Nempe per hæc ſuevit numquã fallentia ſigna,
Ille vigill ſanas noſcere paſtor oves.

Here you may ſee the difference betweene the two Religions, whether of them ſweares, blaſphemes, curſes, whores, drinkes, revels, and the like, and whether of them feares to doe theſe things: Iudge of them, and as you find them, ſo follow them.

Another ſpeaking of their *Prieſts*, ſaith that they are *Angeli Sathanæ per diſcordiam*, *Angeli Apoſtatici per ſuperbiam*, *Angeli Incubi per Luxuriam*, *Angeli Abyſſi per Avaritiam.*

And another ſaith of their Monkes:

It's like that Circe with her Spels divine,
Hath turned Swine to Monkes, and Monkes
to Swine.

Fulco a French Prieſt comming to King *Richard* the firſt, told him hee had three very bad Daughters, which hee wiſhed him to beſtow away from him in marriage, or elſe Gods wrath would attend him. When the King denied hee had any daughter, the Prieſt anſwered, Yes, thou haſt three Daughters, Pride, Covetouſneſſe, and Lecherie. The King apprehenſive of his meaning, replyed, My Pride I bequeath to the haughtie Templers and Hoſpitallers, who are as proud as Lucifer himſelfe. My Covetouſneſſe I give to the White Monks of *Ciſteaux* Order, for they covet the Devill and all. And as for my Lecherie, I can beſtow it no where better, than on the Monkes and Friers of our times, for therein have they their moſt ſolace.

Theſe proud, covetous, Lecherous, oppreſſing

preſſing Friers and Monkes did ſo domineere in England in the Raigne of King *Henrie* the third, that a Cardinall told the Pope, that England was to the Pope like *Balaams* Aſſe, which being ſo often wronged, ſpurre-galled, and cudgelled, it was no marvell if at length ſhee opened her mouth to complaine: And as for themſelves and their Romane Court, they were like unto *Iſmael*, every mans hand was againſt them, and theirs againſt every man.

In the ſame Kings Raigne, *Edmund* Arch-biſhop of Canterbury, weary of his life here in his owne Country of England, by reaſon that hee could not redreſſe nor ſuppreſſe the Popes deteſtable exactions, and oppreſſions, made choiſe of a voluntary exile at Pountney in France, where hee died with honour and opinion of a Saint.

A Senator of Rome ſaid to *Sylla*, that vaunted of himſelfe in the Senate: How can you be a good man, that having little or nothing left you by your Father, yet in ſo ſhort a time are become exceeding rich? So may wee ſay to the Popes Holi-

neſſe

neſſe, vaunting and boaſting, that hee is above Kings and Emperours. How can you be a good man, who having (as you pretended) little or nothing, but went about begging the benevolence of good charitable people, yet now are raiſed to that honour and dignitie, that you ſet your ſelves above your Superiours? And we may ſay of all Papiſts in generall: That they arrogate to themſelves the glorious name of Catholiques, and brand their oppoſites with the odious name of Heretiques, as certaine Heathen in old time called themſelves Deiſts, and all men elſe Atheiſts: and as the Turke at this day, who will needs be the true *Muſelman*, and all the world beſide Pagans. But this their Catholique Religion, is nothing but Catholique corruption; and Catholique Papiſts, Catholique Heretiques.

I will now draw towards a Concluſion, give mee leave onely to ſpeake a little of Rome, and ſo an end: In ancient times, *M. Aurelius* ſaid of Rome, that it was the head of vices: O Rome without Rome, which now art become Stewes of vices: not without teares (quoth hee) I ſay, that there

there was never any Romane Captaine, that killed ten thouſand Aſſyrians, with the weapons that hee brought into Aſia, but hee loſt an hundred thouſand Romanes with the vices they brought to Rome. Thy walles are carried a great height, but thy vertues very low: Shee braggeth of the number of her Inhabitants, but may rather weepe, that her vices be more without compariſon; In one moneth a man may number the ſtones of her ſtately Buildings, but not in many yeares her lewd manners. O curſed Rome, curſed thou haſt beene, art, and wilt be: As by thy Tyrannie thou haſt made thy ſelfe Lady of Lords, ſo the time will come, when thou with Iuſtice ſhalt returne to bee Servant of Servants.

The like Sentence another gave of Rome, who told the Senators, that hee came out of ſtrange Countries onely to ſee Rome, and now he found it without Rome: If my Iudgement (ſaith he) deceive me not, either theſe be not Romanes of Rome, or elſe this is not Rome of the Romanes.

Another

Another writing of their Abuſes, ſaith thus:

Well-ſpring of griefe, and fierce wraths Hoſpitall,
The Schoole of Errour, Temple of Hereſie;
Once Rome, now Babylon, moſt wicked, all
With ſighes and teares bewaile thy piteous fall.

The ſame Author ſaith againe:

Out of wicked Babylon,
By Gods helpe at length I am gone;
From which all ſhame is baniſhed,
From which all good is vaniſhed.
The lodge of griefe and miſerie,
The mother of all Hereſie.

Thus was Rome in ancient time, and that it is ſtill the ſame, may ſufficiently appeare by theſe Abuſes of the Inhabitants thereof afore mentioned. And therefore I thinke

I thinke I may ſafely conclude with that Diſticke of the Poet:

Roma vale, vidi ſatis eſt vidiſſe, revertar
cum Leno, & meretrix, ſcurra, cynedus ero.

Engliſhed.

Now farewell Rome, I have thee ſeene,
It is enough to ſee;
I will returne when as I meane,
Bawd, Scoffer, Whore, and Rogue to be.

FINIS.